You And The Malibu

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Frost Resting On Leaves

Frost rests on leaves,
Gentle sounds of sweeping
Like a broom scratching
'Cross my cement floor,
The floor of my cellar.
I startle to hear
Brown leaves speak.

Cold air cracks about
My nose and lips.
Stubborn leaves to stay
On this branch, brittle
Ready to shatter.
If I close
My hand around them
Will they turn to dust?

Unlike glass, these leaves
Do not cut.
Leathery bits of veined brown
Cling to my moist palm.
Iterated replicas remain
Whispering with the snow,
The sound staining the silence.

Kathy Murphy

You And The Malibu

Can you hear the muscle?
Can you feel three hundred horses?
You and the Malibu
are bonded one being tonight.

Can you sense the jealousy?
Can you see their faces?
You and the Malibu
thunder down the main street tonight.

Can you remember the years?
Can it be so long ago?
You and the Malibu
Were a man and someone else's car.

Can you continue on as her pilot?
Can you live without the thought?
You and the Malibu
will surely part company one day.

Mark Murphy

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